

Anger and Agony

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Anger and Agony

Anger. Yes, so much anger. Jason could feel it radiating off of Michael, even though the man in the white mask simply sat staring at the wall of the Camp Crystal Lake cabin as he often did. It's been that way for days now. Michael never moving an inch, merely staring off into who knows what. The taller of them tilted his head curiously at the other, who took no notice of his presence.

Jason could not deny his worry for the other, who had not eaten or slept in days. The hockey-masked killer, though not requiring such things himself, knew of the other's needs, and was confused as to why he ignored them. Michael got this way sometimes, staring off into oblivion, but normally his thoughts were quiet, contemplative. Now, however, it seemed to Jason as though his mind was a raging storm in its greatest turmoil. And yet he sat so still and, on the outside, seemed so nonchalant, as if simply day-dreaming about fields of purple flowers.

But Jason could see past the outside. He wasn't sure why, or how, but he could almost feel the other, his emotions, his thoughts. And there was something else. It was as if the two were joined together by some unknown force no matter how far apart they were. When Michael would leave for several days at a time, sometimes the other would feel a sudden adrenaline rush or alertness that there was never any accountance for. For it was not him that felt it, but the other, and he could somehow sense the other's situation.

It became confusing at times, becoming angered or having the feeling someone was nearby when in truth he wasn't the one feeling this, but Michael, somewhere far away and yet he could still feel it. As such was now, only the one clad in a blue jumpsuit was right next to him,

which seemed to only strengthen the sensations he felt coming from the other. Jason stared at him with a confused look that betrayed his feeling of helplessness. What could he do, when the other would never respond, no matter how long he stood there staring at him?

Jason knew Michael did not like to be touched, but he would not respond to anything else he did, so he felt the urge to try. His fingers had barely grazed the material on the other's shoulder when Michael jerked harshly away from his touch, the chair toppling to the ground as he jumped out of his sitting position. The taller killer had barely registered what happened when the chair was hurled harshly in his direction. He swatted it away, it's simple wooden structure breaking into pieces as it crashed into the wall.

His eyes flicked back to Michael just in time to see him come at him with a speed he's never seen of the other, or even thought capable of, his knife raised and poised to strike. Jason caught the other's wrist with an inhuman strength, stopping the knife from reaching its destination. Like the strike of a serpent, Michael's other hand shot for the other's throat. The taller killer snatched the smaller one's other wrist before he could reach his neck.

Michael was strong, but Jason was stronger. Though keeping the other locked in place was quite a challenge compared to the strength of the campers that were stupid enough to fight him. How dare they try and fight him? How dare this man try to fight him? He tightened his grip on the other's wrists, knowing his grip could bend metal but hoping the other suffered for his insolence. For what seemed like a long while the two just glared into each other's eyes, until the sound of cracking bone was heard.

Jason jerked out of his trance-like state, staring into the white mask in front of him. What was he doing? This was Michael, not one of them. He softened his grip on the other, prompting an attempt from the other to squirm free, but Jason kept his hold firm. He tilted his head in wonder. What had he nearly done? He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. Never before had someone attacked him that he didn't want dead. He knew now he had reacted out of instinct, killer's instinct.

Looking back up, he saw Michael's eyes were murderous. He had stopped struggling by now, but his uncontrollable anger still radiated off his body. For a long time they simply stared at each other, one set of eyes staring in remorse, and the other glaring in hatred. After a while, Jason slowly released the other. His eyes widened at the wrists, nearly blackened with bruises. Those eyes slowly returned to meet the other's, his expression unreadable behind his pure white mask.

Not wanting to be around the other any longer, Michael stormed out of the cabin, tearing the old door off its hinges as he did so. Jason stood in the entryway for a moment, watching the other's retreating back, before following him.

Michael had made his way down to where he kept a rather old truck he used to get from place to place. Upon approaching it, he found he could not open the door, or even curl his fingers around the door handle. This complication for him was all the time it took for Jason to catch up with him. Once he did, the other tried to make his escape again, only to be stopped by the taller of them, the undead killer

making a move to restrain him to keep him from running again. Forgetting the uselessness of his hands, Michael brought them up instinctively to stop the other from coming any closer only to find his fingers being intertwined with the other's.

Upon the moment of the skin-on-skin contact, Jason felt as though a wave of heat was sent through him, beginning at his fingertips and working its way through his body. The anger came next, striking him with such intensity he almost pulled away from the agony it brought. He shut his eyes tight, the sudden rage he felt confusing him and he felt he might lash out again, only making him squeeze his eyes tighter. He finally did pull away, the anger slowly dying away. What was that?

He looked up at Michael, only to see the other was standing with his head slightly lowered, his eyes glistening more than usual. Was Michael...?

With the anger having now completely dissipated, Jason now felt he understood. The anger had come from the other. But there had been so much... Was that what Michael felt like now? What he's been feeling like these past several days? It was torture. How could he withstand it? For so long? Jason reached out his hand to hold the other's, afraid of another rush of anger, but knowing if it comforted the other it was worth it.

Normally at the touch of another, Michael would jerk away, putting as much distance between himself and whoever had come that close to him and lived. But now, with Jason, something was different. He, unlike any other who had touched him, did not come with a burden of emotions that flowed through him like electricity. Instead, there was nothing. Rather, a soothing silence, emptiness. Michael looked up at the other to meet tightly closed eyes behind that hockey-mask, its owner sometimes jerking in obvious distress. All the while, Michael felt his own anger die down. Was it because of Jason? He seemed to be absorbing his anger and making it his own, as Michael does and has done unwillingly so many times. He found himself leaning into the other's touch, not wanting to harm the other but to be rid of his own torment, if only for a little while.

When the two let go of each other, and the anger Jason felt had died down, they looked at each other again. Michael would never say it, or say anything, for that matter, the other knew, but he could see in his eyes the, _Thank you. _

Jason nodded in understanding, and gently took the other's forearms to inspect his wrists. There was no rush of emotion this time, either because of the cloth barrier or that there was simply none left in the other's system. The wrists were blackened and, by the way they hung uselessly, shaking slightly, were broken. He looked up to meet the other's eyes, his own clearly speaking the words, _I'm sorry._

It was Michael's turn to nod in understanding, and together they made their way back to Jason's little shack, one in bliss and the other refreshingly feeling nothing.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

To better understand this story, I should probably mention my theories about Michael. I think he's extremely empathic, absorbing others' anger and unwillingly making it his own. I feel it's part of his curse, and another part of that curse is to make him for the most part unable to express that anger, torturing him further. And I feel touch intensifies his 'bond' with people, making him feel their emotions all the more strongly.

So like with Jamie in Halloween V, her touch brought on all her feelings of love and affection which Michael did not know how to deal with or understand, and therefore succumbed to his anger. Or perhaps he felt her love and was angered that he could never return that, for his anger dominates him.

As for Jason, being undead, I figured his emotions, if any, would be extremely diluted, making Michael able to touch him without feeling any anger or other emotions from him. I'm not sure if Jason's empathic as well, but his connection with Michael allowed him to absorb his emotions. The reason he didn't go completely berserk was that, again, the emotions he feels are diluted. If it had been anyone else, they probably would have been driven to madness, because Michael's had time to deal with his anger and they cannot begin to comprehend such intense emotion.

So that should explain a few things.

End
file.